ONE DOLLAR

modern man

1961 YEARBOOK OF QUEENS

Sensational
PHOTOS OF THE WORLD'S MOST
Exciting Women

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
MARILYN MONROE
ANITA EKBERG
SOPHIA LOREN
DIANA DORS
BRIGITTE BARDOT
JULIE NEWMAR
JAYNE MANSFIELD

plus

Nude Studies of Model Queens

VIRGINIA GORDON
TERRY HIGGINS
KAREN KLAUS
IRIS BRISTOL

and

INTRODUCING NEW FACES, NEW FIGURES OF TOMORROW

VOLUME TWENTY TWO

MODERN MAN 1961 YEARBOOK of QUEENS

VOLUME TWENTY TWO

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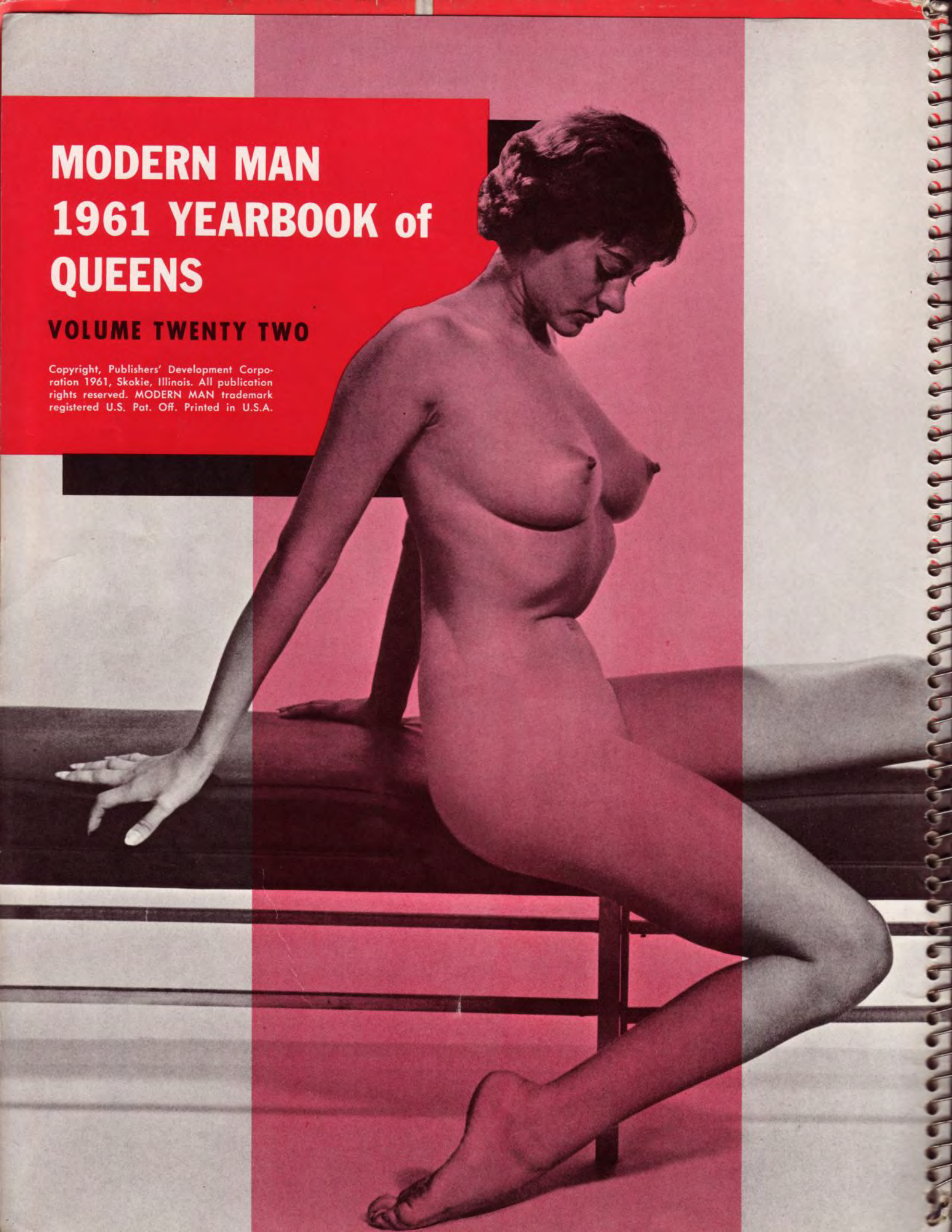

INTRODUCTION

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES, we are presenting some of the world's most beautiful women — a galaxy of heavenly bodies who are currently reigning supreme in MODERN MAN's pulchritude heaven. They are all queens in the truest meaning of the word and they all have two things in common — talent and striking beauty. As any discerning modern male can see, they have these two coveted commodities in abundance. The showcases from which these glamour gems have sparkled and glittered are the fabulous worlds of the silver screen, television, the stage and modelling. These girls, individually and collectively, have attracted literally thousands of fans and admirers on their climbs to the top of the heap and any accolades are richly deserved. So let the band sound out a fanfare and let the spotlight form an illuminating circle. They reign supreme — with no challengers in sight.

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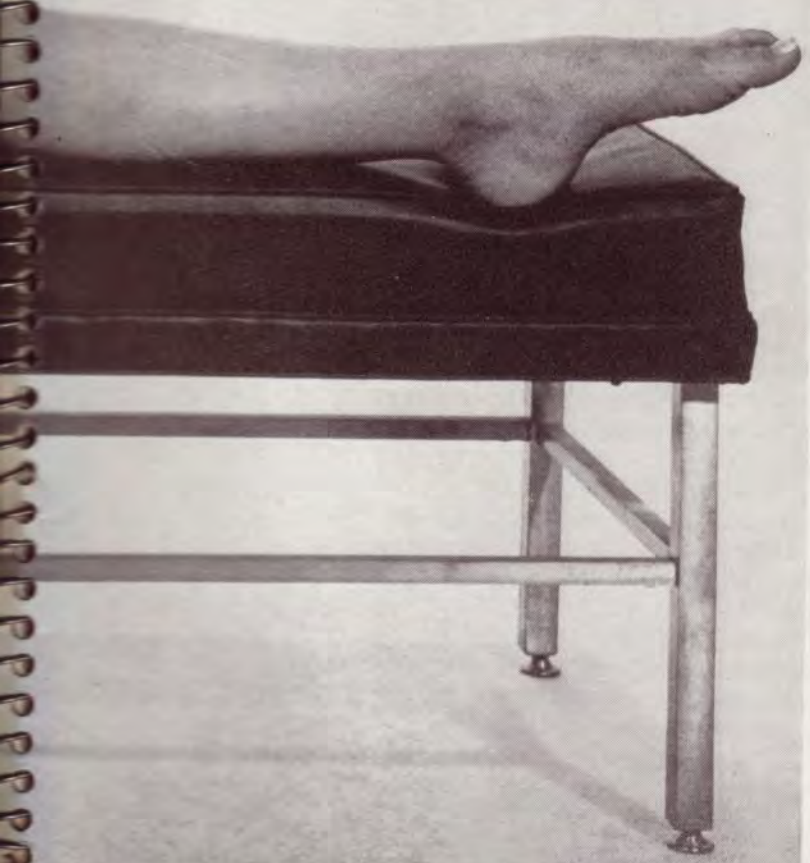


MODERN MAN'S

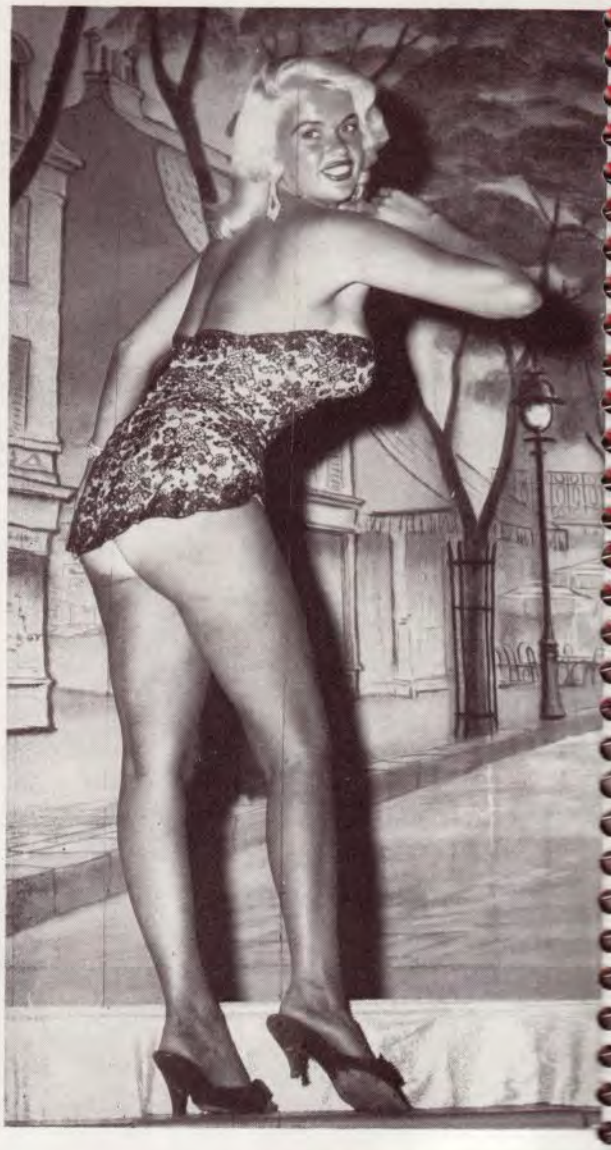
MOVIE QUEENS

FEMININITY abounds in Hollywood in such profusion and proportions that most men would fold under the eyestrain of selecting three queens from its batch of curvy contenders. No doubt even a heavy-duty Univac, confined but to one studio, would blow its math circuits if fed the numbers of the actresses who are glued together like Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba—and are eager to prove it. However, MM editors—used to going out on the lonely limb—braced themselves with tranquilizers and faced the assault on their sensory nerves to pick Jayne Mansfield, Liz Taylor, and Marilyn Monroe as 1961's reigning queens of the screens. The decisions were notably helped when the gals began filling headlines as well as physical requirements. Ever popular J.M., an MM queen for the third year, continues public life in attire meant for private showing. Liz, an ex-child star who once made horse pictures, has grown to the point where her films involve some sexsational horsing around. And Marilyn, who jilted A. Miller, jolted the public in *The Misfits*, visited a mental clinic and ex-husband Joe DiMaggio, is once again the destination of thousands of fan males. All of which means today's hot topics could only be this topical, but far from typical, trio.

LIZ

MARILYN

Jayne



Half-dressed *(left), Jayne appears at Tropicana in Las Vegas wearing her favorite type garment, which costs so much, yet covers so little. Posing in her Hollywood home (opposite page), Jayne continues flooding grateful publications with unclouded, uncovered displays of world-famous 41-inch bosom.*

Mansfield

IN HOLLYWOOD'S GILDED past, faces which captivated the public like masters of mass hypnosis have flashed meteoric-like across the silver screen. In those days, acting was the thing, and personalities like Greta Garbo, Helen Hayes, and Ingrid Bergman gave such commanding performances that their spellbound audiences could not have been distracted if Queen Victoria was in the balcony doing a pagan fertility dance.

But then came Jayne Mansfield, and things changed. No longer was acting a prerequisite for a movie star. Jayne's form of audience mastery is more simply exerted: she leaves them breathless merely by inhaling. And who cares? While Jayne cannot fill the shoes of the Bergman-Garbo-Hayes types, neither can they fill her sweaters. Though Jayne's approach to the public is less hypnotizing than hip-teasing, it is a good bet that had Jayne been in the balcony no one today would have heard of

Smiling *for newspaper photographers (above, left), Jayne rounds up opening night publicity on stage of Tropicana.*

Ingrid, Helen, or Greta. With the awesome structure of a well-curved, monumental work of art, Jayne is indeed a physical wonder.

However, while Jayne's commanding all-over profile has made her much in demand, a bit more was needed to put her over as a full-fledged movie queen. For this, Jayne has other talents besides her obvious feminine accoutrements and most important is her natural flair for subliminal advertising. Never one to hide her 41-inch bust behind a high collar dress, she is also an expert in the area known as "imagery."

Recently, Jayne attempted to further broaden her image (that is, literally speaking as opposed to figure-atively) with TV appearances on *This Is Your Life* and the *Jackie Gleason Show*. Here, she down-played her sex (much to the relief of censor-conscious TV veeps) and up-played her wit, ad-libbing through both half-hour shows to emerge as a clever, good-natured sport. Playing the violin on Gleason's show, she gained more laughs than applause, and smiled toothily with humility despite the fact she takes her fiddle very seriously, having been a child prodigy on the instrument. But as a result, her exuberant efforts drew sympathy and respect from many former skeptics who earlier had accused her of

Creating *eye-popping poolside attraction (left), Jayne's bikini-clad figure is rare conversation piece for California spa.*

***Wearing** modified version of dress from film* Too Hot to Handle, *Jayne (above) flabbergasted Las Vegas spectators.*

being no more than a superb, but empty, shell.

All this, of course, fits into Jayne's master plan of world domination. At the outset, she concentrated on over-throwing American males, then launched herself on South America. There her triumph was so total that she precipitated an outright riot among enraptured Brazilians who could not believe their eyes until they had torn away her clothes. On the European front, she discovered that she was making even deeper impressions than in America. (In all fairness, though, it must be pointed out that Europeans naturally found Jayne more enchanting, having *seen* much more of her. This is evidenced by the Continental vs. U.S. versions of the film, *Too Hot to Handle*, in which Jayne wears a net gown covered in the vital zones only by sequins. In the foreign version, Jayne had fewer sequins.)

The final step in her campaign, which she is now working on, involves winning over the few remaining skeptics, mostly women. For this she plans emphasizing her home life. While at this point it cannot be determined just what such a program includes, one thing is known for certain: this gal really cooks! And she's a pretty spicy dish herself.

***Provoking** legal problems, censorship woes, Mansfield costume (right), made* Too Hot to Handle *a fitting title.*

Elizabeth Taylor

IN 1939, A SEVEN-year-old girl was signed to a movie contract with Universal Pictures and released less than a year later. Her eyes, it had been decided by the bigwigs, were too old for a child star. "The kid's got nothing," one director said.

Today that statement has a place among such classic examples of misjudgement as Napoleon's Russian campaign and Hitler's withdrawal from the Battle of Britain. The kid who had nothing was Elizabeth Taylor.

For her latest film — *Cleopatra,* in which she is slated for the title role — Liz received a cool $1 million, the biggest basket of clams ever paid to a woman in motion picture history. But it would not buy half of her over $2 million worth of jewelry. It is therefore no overstatement to say she has "arrived" and no crime to make her MM's "Queen Elizabeth."

Liz Taylor was born in London on February 27, 1932, which makes her 29 today — and probably 29 for the rest of her career. Her father, Francis Taylor, was an American art dealer peddling paintings all over Europe. At the start of World War II, the Taylors moved to Beverly Hills, and Liz's mother, Sara, immediately became her theatrical agent. She prodded Liz into the Universal contract, and after that fizzled, arranged a test with MGM. This time, Liz went over like a helium balloon, and she was hired for the now all-but-immortal *Lassie Come Home*. The epic tear-jerker set a precedent for a number of Elizabeth's dog and horse pictures, which in the glare of her more recent celluloid sexcapades, make it hard to believe that the half-pint Liz and the two-gallon Liz are the same.

The first inkling that Liz's interests were shifting from furry friends to furs on her back was when she entered the studio commissary in her first half-mast blouse. Liz's beauty had blossomed.

Her first date was provided by the studio: Marshall Thompson (current star of TV's *Angel* series) who gave 15-year-old Liz her first kiss.

Strolling *with current husband Eddie Fisher (above), Liz wears bikini that reveals only slightly more than her wardrobe in two recent films,* Butterfield 8 *(right),* Cat on a Hot Tin Roof *(below). Liz won her first Oscar in* Butterfield.

The rest of the Liz Taylor story reads like a morning soap opera. At 18 she married Nicky Hilton, heir to the hotel fortune, and let MGM pay the tab as a publicity gimmick for Liz's movie *Father of the Bride*. The run of the film easily out-distanced the eight-month marriage.

In 1952, Liz married a British actor twice her age, an old friend, Michael Wilding. While still married to Wilding, Liz met another Mike at a yacht party, and the old marriage-go-round was off again. Claiming she had found love for the first time, Liz married Mike Todd within hours of her divorce from Wilding and seven months later presented him with a baby girl, her third child by Caesarian section.

After March, 1958, when Todd was killed in a plane crash on the only occasion Liz had not been with him, Todd's closest friend, Eddie Fisher, joined Liz to share her grief in New York. Fisher's 14-day extension of a four-day business trip made headlines and toppled his already tottering marriage to Debby Reynolds. Liz and Eddie were married 10 hours after his divorce was final.

Immediately, Liz learned her love for Fisher brought hate from friends. An outcast, she could not have won a popularity contest against Benedict Arnold. The press accused her of faking illness when she stopped production on *Cleopatra* four times, and only double pneumonia convinced them otherwise. But when she won an Oscar for *Butterfield 8*, after calling it "a piece of obscenity," she received a standing ovation as she stumbled to the stage in a leg cast and diamond throat bandage. Today, Liz is the actress most wanted by producers. And the woman most watched — and admired — by all red-blooded men. o

***With** Mike Todd, Liz found "love for first time."*

***Leaving** London hospital (above), Liz is photographed after her recent virus infection which eventually developed into double pneumonia. Her illness halted production on new film* Cleopatra *for fourth time, nearly killed her.*

Rehearsing *dance act for film,* River of No Return, *Marilyn wears a figure revealing costume that started "adult" western craze. Movie was made soon after calendar uproar.*

Marilyn Monroe

WHEN MARILYN MONROE was only Norma Jean Baker and a frizzy-haired moppet in a Los Angeles grammar school, she was a tall, weedy, and bony tomboy. In the school plays like *Halloween Night* and *Flowers of Spring,* her ungirlishness won her only roles as a boy prince, boy villain, or an oak tree. But somewhere between grammar school and high school, there was a shifting in the location of her muscles. And today, as an international movie queen and goddess of sex worshipped by men on seven continents, Marilyn Monroe could never again be presented as a boy; especially since the fullest evidence of her sex — that celebrated calendar — has become the American man's most coveted document since his honorable discharge papers.

But the Monroe calendar did more than establish her as a woman without question. It set a precedent that has been followed by more fame-hungry actresses than there are in Samuel Goldwyn's scrapbook. Uncovered photographs since have been released of Elaine Stewart, Sophia Loren, Anita Ekberg, Kim Novak, Stella Stevens, Tina Louise, Fay Spain, and of course Jayne Mansfield, to name only a few. Rather than harm the careers of such illustrious cinema sex bombs, the glossies of their undraped figures have — as in the case of Marilyn — launched them firmly in the firmament. The Monroe calendar opened a new area of fame exploitation by opening the eyes of the public.

It started in 1947, when Marilyn graduated from a homeless orphan into the Hollywood school of hard knocks. Working as a parachute inspector for the Radio Plane Company, she supplemented her meager income by posing in swim suits and sweaters for pin-ups and magazine covers. Her name was then Norma Jean Dougherty as a result of a short-lived marriage to a Van Nuys High school chum. Her cover girl photos caught the eyes of 20th Century-Fox moguls, and she was signed to a one-year contract.

During that year, Marilyn had a bit part in one film,

Chatting *in scene from* Let's Make Love *with Yves Montand, Marilyn had more spectators than listeners.*

Smiling *at press conference (above), Marilyn told reporters after divorce from DiMaggio that she would tone down sex, play more serious roles. But in latest film,* The Misfits, *she is more provocative than ever.*

Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay, but in the typical hard-luck fashion of many sudden "discoveries," her section of celluloid ended up on the cutting room floor. No more roles were found for Marilyn, and she was dropped. Her brief flame of fame flickered and almost went out.

For the next several years, Marilyn managed to get a few more movie bits amounting to walk-ons (or in the case of *Love Happy,* it was a chase-across by Groucho Marx), but she continued to rely on modeling to pay for her peanut butter sandwiches. By 1950, she had cornered two meaty roles in *Asphalt Jungle* and *All About Eve.* The parts were a long way from making her a star, but she had become known just well enough to throw in her trump card.

In 1951, Marilyn wiggle-walked into the studios with an armful of outdated calendars and passed them out to stage hands, actors, and directors. She said she modeled for photographer Tom Kelly when she needed $50 for rent. And the only thing she wore was perfume. The reaction was heard 'round the globe.

Shortly after, when Marilyn starred in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* it became obvious that *all* men men preferred Marilyn. Her following films, *How to Marry a Millionaire, River of No Return, The Seven Year Itch, Bus Stop,* etc., pulled in receipts that had to be carted off in Brinks' trucks.

In 1954, Marilyn again made headlines by walking out on *Pink Tights* and into wedlock with Joe DiMaggio. But

MODERN MAN'S QUEENS OF THE

FOREIGN MOVIES

OUT OF THE GALAXY of stars who glitter in the foreign film heavens, there are none so bright as the four queens chosen by MM to reign over the other heavenly bodies of Europe and all points east. Although this year's sensuous sovereigns are no newcomers to accolades and awards, no Joanie-Come-Lately has come along to usurp their gilded thrones. Regally ruling the foreign beauty scene are these perennial favorites: Sweden's incomparable Anita Ekberg; Italy's shapely Sophia Loren; Britain's dazzling Diana Dors; and France's inimitable sex kitten Brigitte Bardot. Even the most inveterate poker buff will admit that here are four queens that are pretty hard to beat.

DIANA

BRIGITTE

ANITA

SOPHIA

ANITA EKBERG

Regally sensuous *qualities of famed Swedish film actress come through with devastating effectiveness whether in cheesecake photograph by de Dienes (above), or in candid shot (left), taken on film set.*

THREE TIMES a storm of sexy smorgasbord has swept down from the chilly clime of Sweden and landed on the Hollywoodian shores to write new exotic pages in filmland history. During the late '20s and '30s, Greta Garbo sizzled the silver screen with her throaty bedroom voice. After her came Ingrid Bergman, whose red-hot affair with Roberto Rossellini made international headlines. But the last Scandinavian import has proven to be the tastiest dish of them all. She is, of course, the bosomy, blonde sexsation Anita Ekberg.

Anita stormed the U.S. early in the '50s to vie in the Miss Universe contest. She did not win, but she stayed behind to take the route to film stardom via a cheesecake modeling stint.

Cast, but lamentably covered up, in *Blood Alley*, Anita nevertheless was exposed enough to warrant more exposure — in other films, that is. Her first big role came in *War and Peace*, where she played a regal, uninhibited countess. From there it was literally the sky's the limit with her career. She proved her stellar qualities in *Zarak*, *An Englishman in Las Vegas*, *Artists and Models*, and her latest film, *La Dolce Vita*, is currently causing a storm of controversy in Rome. In this flick Anita portrays a footloose and fancy American movie star in Rome.

Anita's classically sculptured features, however, are not the only attributes that have brought her

Wearing *decolleté costume (above), Anita won plaudits at 1955 Art Students League ball in New York. Classically proportioned (right), she is considered "camera-proof" by lensmen, who say it is impossible to make "bad" pic of her.*

Posing *provocatively on bannister (right), or hiding coyly behind towel (below), Anita reveals curvaceous body that made her a star.*

fame. Risking her exalted position in filmdom, Anita has been one of the most outspoken actresses of all time. And very few of her acid opinions have endeared her to the female population, especially her remarks on virginity (against it) and motherhood (also against it).

Her brief marriage to Anthony Steel, top British actor, and her famous nude poses for a Hungarian sculptor did little to dim the aurora borealis that is Anita's glow in the cinema firmament. Neither, for that matter, did her sizzling off-stage performances at several Rome soirees. At one of those famous headline-making flings, the super-sensual Anita curled the pizza circuit's upper crust with a bra-busting version of the Charleston a few years ago. One of her latest bashes even out-did that. Bare-chested, the inimitable Ekberg bongoed her way through a torrid Afro-Cuban rendition of a voodoo dance.

Only a real queen of the foreign flicks can afford to play that kind of regally uninhibited role in life. Anita has it, in spades, and she is way out in front, literally and figure-atively, ahead of the curvy court of Swedish delights, unchallenged in looks, talent, or temperament.

Discussing *picture plans, Anita enjoys joke with British comedian, Norman Wisdom, co-star of* Englishman in Las Vegas.

SOPHIA LOREN

MENTIONING the lovelies who adorn the silver screens of Italy in any glamour conclave in the world is bound to bring on sly, but all knowing, smiles from every man present. Immediately they envision the blood-pressure raising picture of a beautiful woman, usually with heaving chest trying to burst out of a ragged low-cut peasant blouse. And, for the most part, this impression is well taken for the Italian film industry has marched to international fame with a brigade of such busty dolls.

Occasionally, however, along comes a *paisan* pretty — buxom and sultry with the emphasis on earthy sensuality — who manages to transcend that caricature of Italian femininity and emerge as a first-class dramatic actress. Silvano Mangano and Anna Magnani did it a few years back. Today, it is Sophia Loren who holds the queenly throne of acting in Italian, and international, films.

Slinking into her early films as a bare-breasted harem girl, an unbrassiered pizza baker, and just about every other kind of part that showed off her ample physical endowments to their best, Sophia has emerged as a top-ranking star. She may no longer need to peel to pull in box office crowds but this mammarific beauty refuses to be so imprudent as to cover up completely. Far from it. In *Boy on a Dolphin*, a first-rate flick starring Alan Ladd, she climbs out of the briny in a soaking wet, flesh clinging blouse that left nothing to the imagination. It was a short scene, but one which almost overshadowed her genuine dramatic achievements in the film.

Sophisticated Sophia is undoubtedly one of the most female females gracing motion pictures today,

***Obligingly** raising her skirt for camera-man, Queen Sophia exposes enticing length of luscious legs. Famous star readily exposed all of her charms in early movies.*

Filling out *bathing suit (left), Sophia strikes cheesecake pose on set of* It Happened in Naples, *made with late Clark Gable. Her fiery appeal (above) is enhanced by revealing low-cut negligee.*

and, unlike many of her famous contemporaries, she admits, even boasts, that her career was definitely enhanced by her measurements. And she readily reveals these thinly adorned statistics either on-screen or off, a delightful characteristic for which she deserves all the accolades modern men everywhere have bestowed on her.

Loren's Venus-like physical beauty alone, however, was not the only attribute that helped her reach Hollywood heaven where she shared co-billing with such top male leads as Gary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Anthony Quinn, Alan Ladd, George Sanders, Vittorio de Sica, Montgomery Clift, and the late Clark Gable. Once or twice, a beautiful, but less endowed, doll might make flicks in that kind of company, but it takes real talent to rack up the number of major picture credits Sophia has to her regal name.

The saga of this untypical Italian eye-full began

Chewing *grass stem (above), Sophia expresses smoldering mood of earthy sensuality that made her an internationally famed film attraction.*

Sinuously reclining *like contented feline (below), Loren enjoys simple pleasure of relaxing on floor of her home.*

typically enough. Like many, if not all, her *paisan* playmates, she entered the usual beauty contest, taking a second to some now forgotten belle. From that, she went into modeling for a highly censorable Italian confession magazine, and thence to small bit parts in movies.

Her first big roles were memorable only because she was in them. Those unlamentable epics included *Children of Love, Two Nights with Cleopatra, Gold of Naples, Our Time,* and dozens of other such provocatively titled footage. All had one thing in common — plenty of exposed Sophia. Her first-rate film credits, however, are almost as numerous — *Pride and the Passion, Desire Under the Elms, Too Bad, She's Bad, That Kind of Woman, It Started in Naples,* and *Breath of Scandal,* to name a few.

So from quickies to quality motion pictures, Sophia has proven that she is every inch (38-24-38) the monarch of the Italian screen.

DIANA DORS

Seductively beckoning *(above) or showing off her long-legged charms (left), Diana oozes qualities that made her international film star.*

NOT MANY YEARS AGO, anyone proclaiming a British lass as a sex queen would have been accused of trying to wreck Anglo-American relations. There was plenty in the U.K. that endeared the tight little island to Yankees — from *fish 'n chips* to good Scotch whiskey — but when it came to girls, there was little to tantalize the libido of jaded men-about-women.

That was in the not-too-distant past. Not anymore. Along came a blondeshell by the name of Diana Dors who exploded her dynamite laden charms on the American scene and knocked the hell out of those myths about cold, haughty English girls. This bundle of bra-busting pulchritude came from Londontown in 1956 and threatened to entice Yankeeland back into the Commonwealth.

Since that memorable day there has been a veritable parade of the DD's top-heavy sisters making their debuts on U.S. shores. And if the competition among the London lasses was mild a few years ago, it now is as overloaded as Jayne Mansfield's famous sweater. Nevertheless, it is still Queen Diana who reigns supreme over the British film firmament.

Currently touring the U.S. via the venerable (for television) Ed Sullivan and Perry

Adorning piano *during celebration scene in recent movie (above), Diana exposes gorgeous gams, smoldering glance. Laughing playfully in sitting room of her apartment (top), DD keeps appeal even fully clothed.*

Como shows, the decolleté-addicted Diana is sizzling the electron circuits, not only with her famous overexposure, but with a voice that is considered not bad at all. Singing along with the ex-barber Perry, Diana recently surprised the video-vendetta critics by chirping like a nightingale.

Her singing, of course, is a purely secondary talent. DD started blowing fuses with her curvy frame early in life—taking a respectable third place in a saucy pin-up contest at the Lolita-like age of 13. After a couple of years, while her talents were maturing, she entered the London Academy of Dramatic Art. From there she graduated to a couple walk-on parts in *The Shop at Sly Corner* and *Holiday Camp*, both forgettable films except for Diana's delectable striding. Though she did not make a peep in those flicks, her walking spoke out loud enough to proclaim her the Angloloveliest ambler that ever graced a sound stage.

Making her American screen debut in *I Married a Woman*, Queen Diana paired off with funnyman George Gobel. Later, she co-starred with cinemale-leads such as Bruce Cabot and Vittorio Gassman in *The Love Specialist*, went on to make *Tread Softly Stranger* and *Yield to Night*. The latter role almost won her top honors at the 1956 Cannes Film Festival.

Backing up her frontage with a commendable number of film credits, Queen Diana definitely figures (35-23-35) in the international court of curvaceous stars. Right now, she is the number one front-runner among Great Britain's great bodies — a reel queen of the realm.

***Making American** night club debut (below), seductive blonde sizzled audiences at Las Vegas' Dunes Hotel last year with songs, tantalizing hip-high slit gown. Decolleté (left), Diana is currently guesting on Ed Sullivan, Perry Como shows.*

be the girl next door — sweet, helpless, and able to make men exert their masculinity for her protection. Still another BB comes through as an uninhibited savage, a dangerous little playmate, but irresistible nevertheless. But whatever mood she happens to be playing, her appealing qualities remain constant, whether she is peeling down to nothing but her famous towel or appears fully clothed.

As sizzling off-screen as she is on, Brigitte lives a life that could have been written by novelist Francois Sagan, poet laureate of the sad-happy youth in Paris. At times, BB appears to be a character right off the pages of *Bonjour Tristesse* (Hello Sadness). And mixed into the Sagan-like attitude has been well-publicized disappointments at her success, along with mile-a-minute love affairs, divorce, and wild partying.

Immediately after her divorce from first husband, talented film director and BB discoverer Roger Vadim, Brigitte undertook a series of whirlwind affairs that looked for a while as though it might include the whole Riviera. Counts, film stars, international playboys, and just plain boys went in and out of the BB hive like commuters at Grand Central Station. During one of her eyebrow-raising affairs, BB took on a male secretary who moved into her villa.

Later, but not much, she and boyfriend Sacha Distal recreated some of the more torrid love scenes from *And God Created Woman* at her secluded beach hangout in Saint Tropez.

Far from damaging the Midas-like touch her films have in the box office, BB's amours are merely coals to her success. One critic, obviously no BB-buff, suggested that her affairs were only publicity, serving as catalysts to activate sales on otherwise second-rate flicks.

That, of course, is so much nonsense. BB's films carry their own sex-cess; her antics just lend a little reality to her cinema image.

Although the Queen B is remarried and a mother, her extra curricular activities have not ended, and her appeal at the paying gate of movie houses around the globe remains unchallenged. The reason is simple enough: she never comes out of a particular kind of role — the sweetest of all possible beatnymphs. Another measure of her secure position on the French cinema throne is the number of honeybees hip-swinging around in BB fashion. They, of course, are only pretenders to her throne — Brigitte is the real queen. o

***Returning** to film-making after marriage to Jacques Charrier, BB confers with co-star Henri Vidal on set (above). Sultry glance (below) melted British reserve in film,* Doctor at Sea.

Overexposing *ample charms (above, right) or her long-legged curves (below), Queen BB is catcher of camera eye in any pose.*

IRIS

EVER SINCE the Monroe calendar, aspiring actresses have discovered the quickest short cut to sexcess is by showing to the right people what they have in the right places. And the nude modeling route has become a well-beaten path. Jayne, Sophia, and many other notable nobles in the queendom of Hollywood have all graced engraving plates in ungirdled glory. The posing profession, under the onslaught of such superbly stuffed skin, has become all but saturated with movie-bound misses, and the competition is more hectic than a fan club scrimmage for a Bobby Darin autograph. It can be appreciated, therefore, what it takes for a gal to reach the peak of this peek-a-boo whirl. Minimum requirements are the most perfect set of measurements that can be molded into a female and a face capable of launching a thousand press agents. Taking these laurels hands down, Iris Bristol, Virginia Gordon, Terry Higgins, and Karen Klaus — MM's choices for modeling monarchs — have outgunned the competition and risen to the tip-top of figure posing with no less than top-taping figures. Now poised on the brink of even greater things, it is obviously only the beginning for these livin' ends.

MODERN MAN'S

MC

KAREN

TERRY

VIRGINIA

DEL QUEENS

IRIS BRISTOL

SINCE A FIGURE photographer daily meets unclothed chicks with undisputed oomph in umpteen numbers, it often happens that he grows accustomed to pulchritude to the point of — believe it or not — boredom. When that happens, his job becomes another work-a-day chore no more enchanting than polishing door knobs — that is, until a really exceptional doll comes along. This happened when Iris Bristol first entered a famous west coast lensman's studio with devastating fallout from her bumpety step, dress-popping shape, whitewash smile, radioactive eyes, and sparkling complexion. The photog slowly flipped! Fresh off the boat from Britain, Iris dropped her sails to reveal 38-23-36 machinery that had him all but chaining himself to a wall in efforts to keep calm. The rest is history. After two hours and 20 rolls of film, Iris was in a steep vertical trajectory that led straight to modeling heaven and the throne of MM model queen.

***Emoting for** glamour cameras, Iris easily runs through catalog of facial expressions on cue, providing lensmen with changing moods from provocative stare (left) to exuberant ecstasy (top). British by birth, Iris emigrated to U. S. to undertake modeling career, quickly became popular for instinctive ability.*

***Gazing out** window in furs or bare skin (right, below), Virginia is pleasant sight for anyone looking in. She also displays shape on Miami beaches, where she enjoys all aquatic sports.*

VIRGINIA GORDON

A BOATING, swimming, and water ski enthusiast, Miami-born Virginia Gordon is as see-worthy as she is sea-worthy, but until two years ago the idea of exposing her trim 37-22-36 hull to more than salt water and sunlight was unthinkable. (Energetic V. G. classed models with inanimate objects.) Then a glamour photographer — attracted to the seashore by bikinis instead of boats — spotted her wearing a towel at half mast. Offering a model fee sufficient to buy a swimming pool and pet seal, he closed a deal to do blueprints of her foredeck, and Ginny began navigating to queendom — with a sextant.

***Occupying** vanity stool (facing page), Virginia is provocative boudoir subject, especially in living color. Photographer expertly chose cool secondary colors of white, blue to enhance warm complexion.*

TERRY HIGGINS

EVER SINCE Terry Higgins grew too big to be mistaken for a boy, she planned a career as a fashion model. And she was encouraged by nursery schoolboy chums who — notoriously hostile to other girls — invited her to see their model airplanes. But Terry's lifelong ambition was not fulfilled. By the time she was 18, 39½-24-37, and still growing, it became obvious her burgeoning charms could never be compressed into the skeletal styles worn by the thin Fifth Avenue types. So, shy and dejected, Terry scuttled her hopes until she realized that her popularity with the ever-encouraging boys was bigger than ever (only now, instead of airplanes, they invited her to see etchings). The result: Terry became a queenly figure model, a profession where, obviously, her body can never be considered a handicap.

***Displaying** voluptuous form which once displeased fashion-conscious Terry, she exhibits features that fascinate figure-conscious males. Posing for formal studio photo (facing page) or candid shots (above, right), her 39½-24-37 shape is highly photogenic.*

***Surrounded** by rocky wilderness, Karen brings queenly elegance to rustic cabin scene. In jeans, half-slip, or open blouse, Wisconsin gal's 38-23-37 figure wins accolades from lensmen.*

KAREN

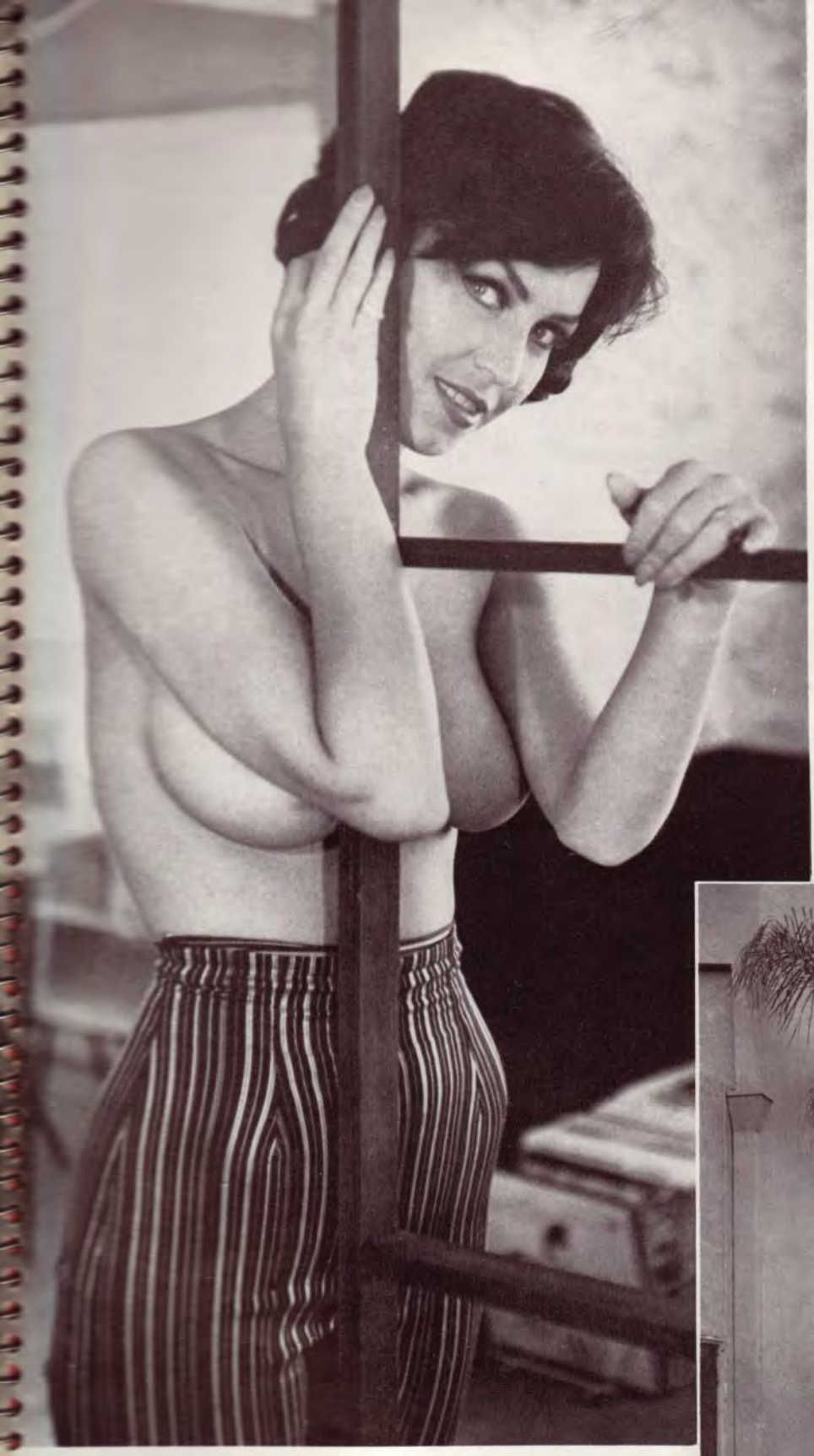
YEARS AGO there was a trend among art critics to advocate only thin, shapeless models for photographic nudes while more fully packed femmes were thought too provocative. Naturally, MM has refuted such views by pointing out the voluptuous canvas cuties of Renoir, Titian, and Rubens. So it was with applause that MM saw a shift in attitude when a Wisconsin gal named Karen Klaus (no relation to Santa) began posing for the "serious" photogs. These lensmen took note of her ability to interpret arty ideas and decided it was no sacrifice to make an aesthetic picture of a 38-inch torso rather than one taping only 34. This resulted in the "bosom breakthrough" that made blue-eyed Karen highly sought and critically acclaimed — with a figure stacked to legal limits. For such meritorious work, a queen crown is surely proper.

KLAUS

SHEIKA MOSER

FILLING the "space gap" may have government brass bothered and bewildered, but in the hallowed halls of stripdom, the "space gap" between the rockum - sockum hip-swivelers and sophisticated ballerina peelers has been well filled by a curvy bundle of charm from Austria. Her name is Sheika Moser, a sizzling blend of the earthy and exotic who came to this country via Paris' famed Lido troupe.

Busting out of a yellow-feathered costume at her premiere engagement in this country, Sheika's bare-breasted bird act really ruffled up the strip



***Passing** famous Hollywood nighterie (right), Sheika Moser walks to work at another top club, Moulin Rouge. Baring top-deck (above), she displays ample reasons for popularity on runways.*

Fully clothed *(left), or provocatively posing with, without blouse (below), Sheika's fanciful frame fills any man's dreams. Austrian import speaks four languages, adds international spice to her routines. Relaxing at home (opposite page), Sheika matches curves with contoured couch, lends magic portion of her charms to sweater.*

fans' jaded interest. Her act was so well received that the raven-haired belle of bump 'n grind was asked to stay in the States when the rest of her bosomy friends went off to tour South America.

Now gracefully undulating over the velvet runway of Hollywood's famed Moulin Rouge club, Sheika spices her routines with truly international flavors, including Viennese waltzes, Parisian adagios, and some torrid versions of rock 'n roll. All with an international flavor that she comes by quite naturally.

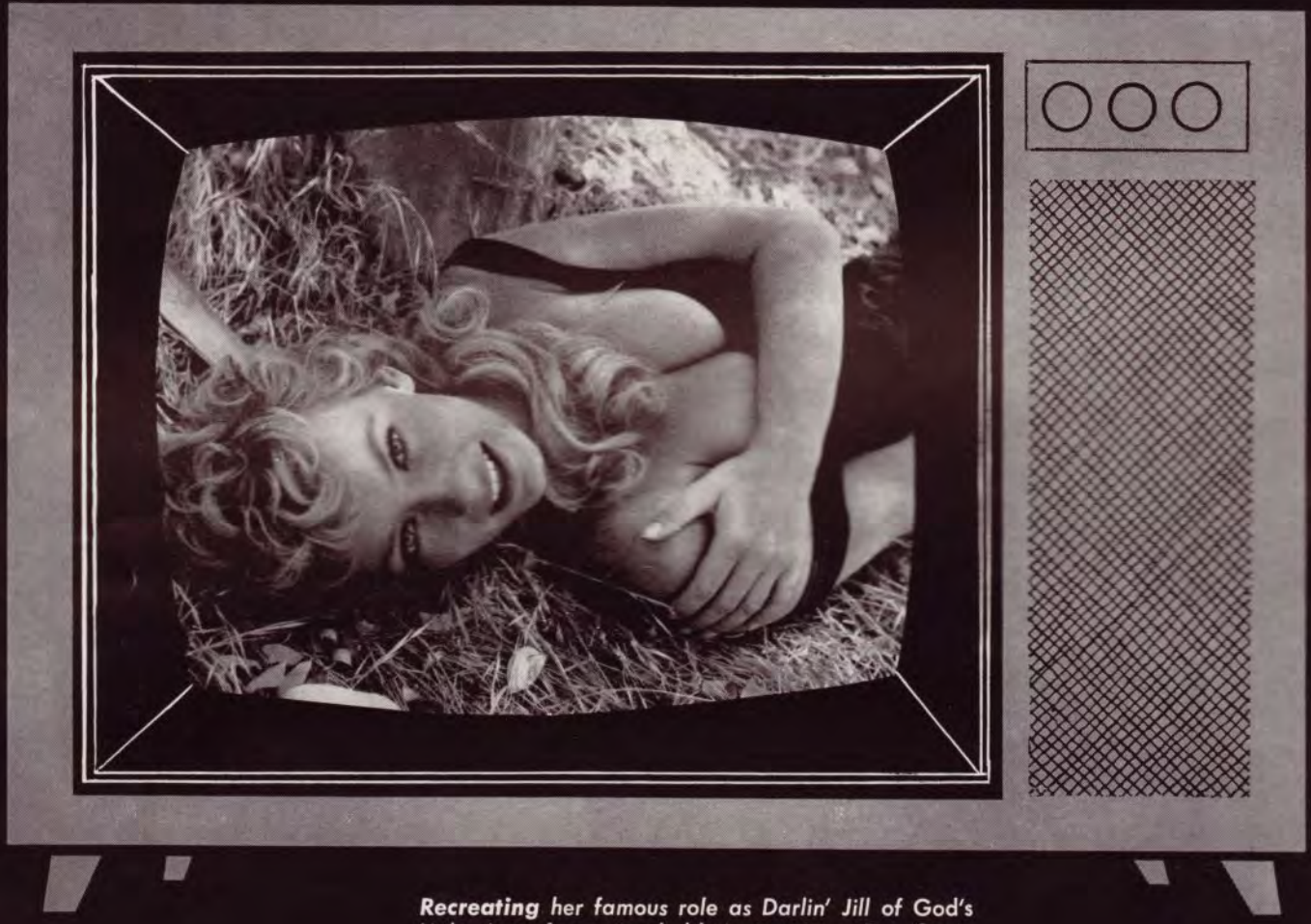
Born 23 years ago in Austria, Sheika and her mother moved to Paris where the talented danseuse completed her schooling and studied clothing design. But the fashion capital of the world needed another dress designer like Milwaukee needs imported beer. In order to stave off starvation, Sheika mulled over the many *ooh la las* her 38-23-36 frame elicited from males and she took her well designed contours over to the headquarters of the Lido de Paris troupe of dancers. In a word, *Voila!* Another shining light was born for the cabaret circuits in Paris.

When the Lido troupe was invited to Las Vegas, Sheika stepped out of the chorus line and into a feature role, her now famous Yellow Bird routine. It was also in Las Vegas that her svelte statistics caught the eye of Cary Grant, and this quiet man-about-women is generally credited with encouraging Sheika to remain in the States when her troupe moved on.

Settled in the film capital, Sheika is taking diction lessons and hopes to make movies. And no doubt she will go into a cinema orbit with the same effectiveness that she filled the "space gap" in the strip universe.

MODERN MAN'S TELEVISION

FAY



***Recreating** her famous role as Darlin' Jill of God's Little Acre fame, tousled-hair temptress Fay Spain exudes sexuality as she smiles up from grass patch.*

TELEVISION'S phenomenal popularity has been explained in more psychological terms than the late Dr. Sigmund Freud could have invented if he had lived to be as old as Methuselah. But if that bearded discoverer of the head-shrinking science were around today, he would certainly not be at a loss for words. "Basic," he would say, "it's merely a matter of leaping libidos." And one long look at MM's queenly trio of video-lovelies would make that observation as solid as their respective superstructures.

Some of the self-styled eggheads may call TV's appeal escapism, since it serves up a menu of western, eastern, southern, and northern shoot-em-ups that, except for the locales and historical periods, have a distressingly familiar ring. Nothing could be further from fact! Ask any red-blooded male hovering around the small screen. He will tell you that no one cares what the damned plots are as long as they provide a vehicle for exhibiting the expansive epidermis of a chick like Fay Spain. Or Julie Newmar. Or Joan Bradshaw. Drama, shrama. It's the libido, ain't it, Dr. Freud?

QUEENS

***Caught** in ballerina rehearsal costume, long-limbed Julie Newmar dances for role in music comedy. Statuesque blondeshell splits time between movie acting, television performances.*

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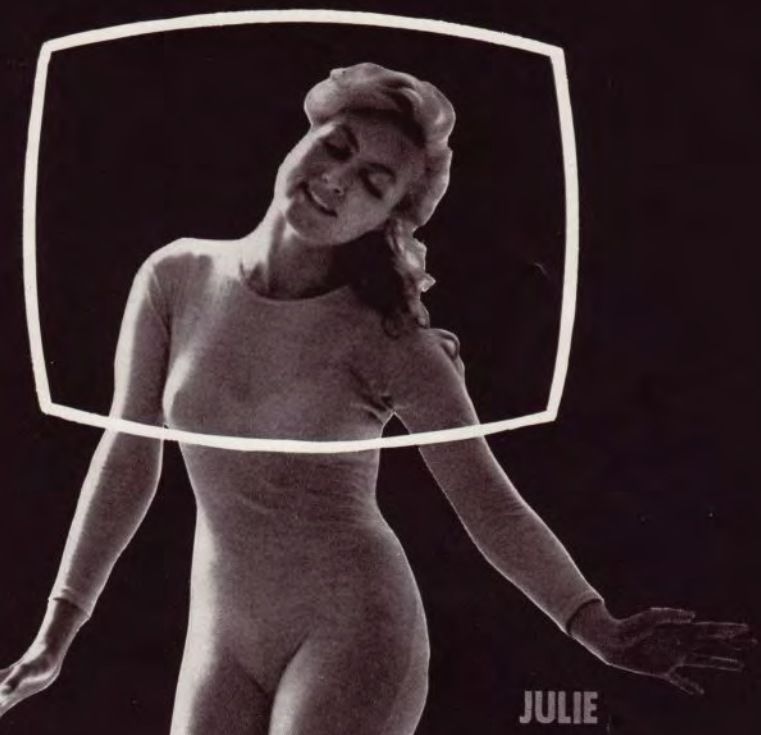


JULIE

***Making** with provocative push-ups (below), video circuit sizzler Joan Bradshaw shows bra-busting style that launched her into TV, film careers as "the bust of MGM," an appropriate nickname.*

JOAN

***As Stupefying Jones** (left), Julie Newmar hypnotized critics, males in musicomedy Li'l Abner. Professional dancer (above), Julie's svelte long-legged talents won her many parts in films, top billing on TV.*

JULIE NEWMAR

THE PERRY COMO show, video's Wednesday evening of family-type entertainment, may not be well-known for providing the kind of libido-tickling fare modern men like to see, but once in a while the singing ex-barber manages to throw a curve at his audience. When he does, he usually comes up with a swinging chick who, no matter how undécolleté her costume may be, manages to sizzle the small screen with a special kind of high-voltage sex appeal.

One of his most recent sizzling introductions came in the form of a dancing delight by the name of Julie Newmar who guest starred

Pensively relaxing *in décolleté nightgown, Julie's serenity belies intensity with which she engages in hectic modern-style dancing (inset). Daughter of college professor, sultry TV star is intellectually inclined, like strong, silent, but witty, men. Julie is currently popular guest performer on Como, Ed Sullivan, Jack Paar shows.*

***Resting** after rehearsal (left), Julie sits wrapped in towel at Hollywood home of her parents. In action shot (below), photog catches Julie's grace in classic ballet leap. Early publicity still (bottom) shows Julie's cheesecake style.*

on Perry's all-girl special (Como was the only male on the show, natch). Sizzling, perhaps, is too tepid to describe the hip-swinging undulations of jolting Julie's style in the Terpsichorean art.

An émigré from Gotham's Great White Way, Julie stepped out of a chorus line a few years ago and into the role of Stupefying Jones in the smash hit *Li'l Abner*. Though the musicomedy version of the mad, little world of Al Capp's Dogpatch only saw Julie for about 60 steaming seconds, it was enough to hypnotize the critics. So incendiary was her brief bit on Broadway that Hollywood tapped her for the identical part when they put the play to "glorious Technicolor." Julie's lush curves were not exposed any longer in the film, but the effect warranted using asbestos lining on the screens, anyway.

Before gaining her current popularity as a much-in-demand television guestar, Julie's acting and dancing talents won her small roles in a half dozen movies, including *Just for You, The Marriage Go Round, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers,* and *Serpent of the Nile*. In addition, the long-legged blonde has put her fiery brand on a whole posse of westerns and warped not a few eyeballs in private eye epics.

Though primarily a dancer (and one of the best; she was prima ballerina of the Los Angeles Opera Company), Julie is just as nimble with repartee as she is with her feet. Her uninhibited comments have won her repeat favors on the Jack Paar and other interview-witty shows.

Asked once why she was particularly fond of a certain well-known tough-guy actor, joltin' Julie jarred the interviewer by saying, "Man, he just rattles me."

Not half as much as Queen Julie rattles the males whenever she shimmies into view on the small screen. ●

JOAN BRADSHAW

OF ALL the ways television is besieged by aspiring actresses, none is more popular than the beauty contest. Victory in the tape-measure-swimming suit competitions nowadays, however, is so basic to casting director recognition that, judging from the number of top stars who never won contests, it would almost seem that talent scouts bypass the winners and pick the runner-ups.

Texas-born telelovely Joan Bradshaw's route to the top of the heap was no exception. Winning her first beauty title at the tender age of 16, Joan hied herself to Hollywood. Ten beauty crowns and no jobs later, she was entered into the Miss Universe contest. "How I ever got into it," says Joan, "I'll never figure out." She managed to wind up with the finalists, but somebody else won. You guessed it.

The next day, Joan was auditioning for a part in one of the *Dragnet* series, and the "facts" that Sergeant Joe Friday (alias Jack Webb) discovered (38-23-36) were enough to send Joan off and running toward TV fame.

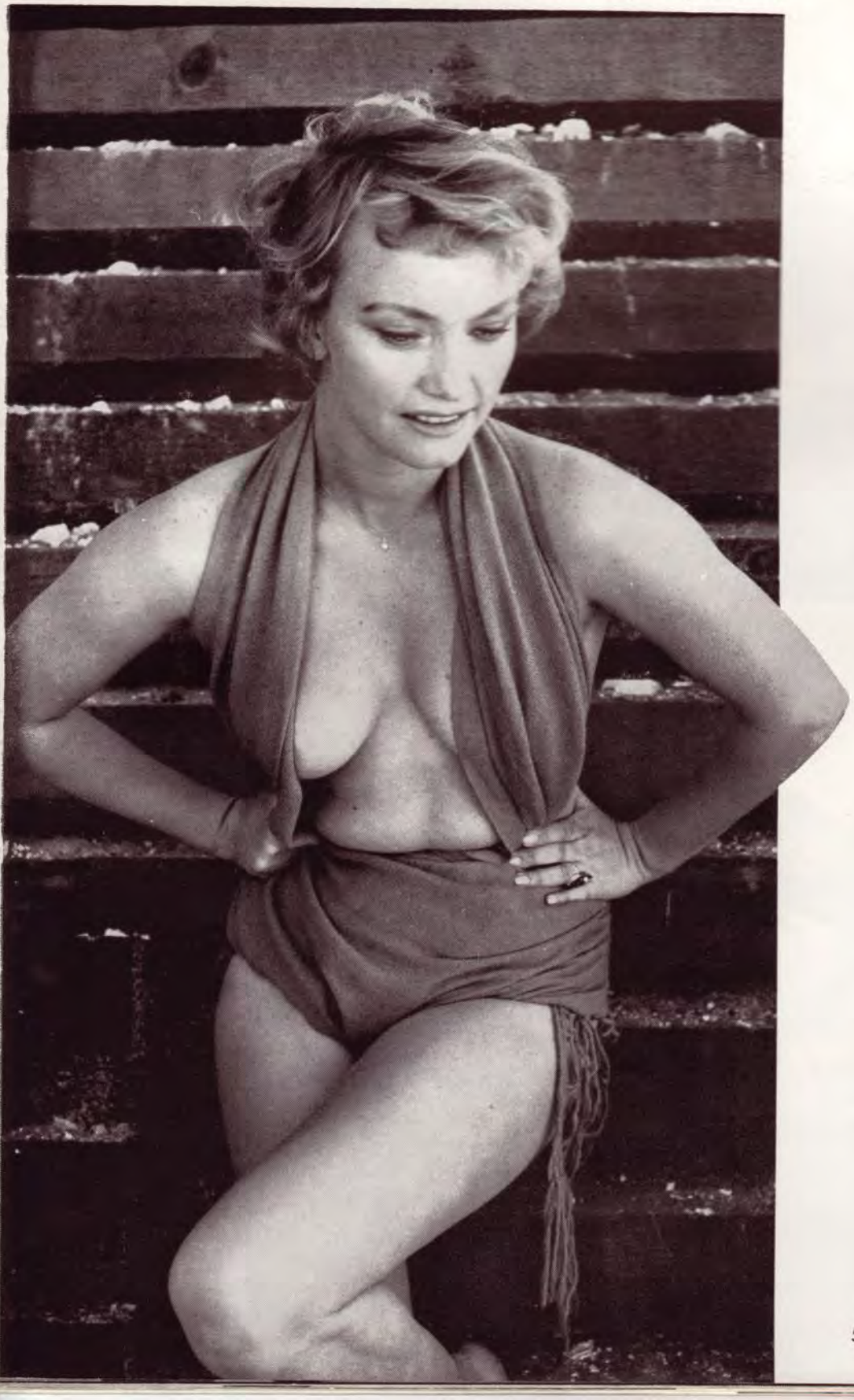
Signed to a MGM starlet contract along the way, Joan, via her well-formed sweater fillers, soon earned the nickname of the "bust of MGM." As her career moved into high gear, MGM fed her a diet of bit parts but most of her footage landed on the cutting room floor, a crime of such dastardly proportions, even Webb would call for help.

Finally Joan convinced actor-turned-director Burt Lancaster to give her a small role in his sexsational production of *Cry Tough*. Naturally, as every critic this side of Boston knows, bawdy flicks are an aspiring starlet's best friend, and MGM, taking a second look at Joan, signed her for a part in *Beat Generation*. From there, it was back to the small picture circuits, but now Joltin' Joan is one of the most-sought-after Queens of the medium. o

***Wearing** bulky knit sweater (below) or sensuously lounging on satin covered bed (right), Joan Bradshaw's pectoral development easily won her title of "bust of MGM." Sizzling starlet won 11 beauty contests before hitting TV.*

FAY SPAIN

Wrapped revealingly *in long scarf, Fay Spain relaxes on set of western film for television, shows posing style that lifted her out of "girl-next-door" type roles to sexy vamp in flicks.*



METAMORPHOSIS, as every biology student knows, is that mysterious process whereby an animal organism changes from one form to another. Normally, this switcheroo business is confined to lesser species like bugs, frogs, and other such critters. Figuratively speaking, however, the four-bit term can be applied to anything that makes a spectacular change.

In the case of Fay Spain, the wondrous process of changemanship produced Hollywood's hottest hussy out of a shy, little gal who had mostly played girl-next-door roles on TV.

Fed up with those sweet bits, Fay convinced a producer to cast her in the film version of Caldwell's incendiary *God's Little Acre*. With some doubt, the producer gave her the role of Darlin' Jill, the cornfed nymphoblondeshell daughter of the story's sharecropper hero. The metamorphosis completed, Fay emerged as a leading contender in the sexpot race of the year.

Blessed neither with the monumental top-deck of a Mansfield, nor the hip-twitching undulations of Monroe, Fay nevertheless is obviously very femme. As she points out her proportions "won't break any tape measures, but they're all in the right places."

Until she landed the part as Jill, Fay had been a regular supporting actress on the now departed, but soon to be resurrected, *Playhouse 90* series. Fans of that popular show, accustomed to seeing Fay's pert face and fine acting, got a jolt when they saw her in *Acre*.

Since then, Fay has fired up a few femme roles on *Maverick*, *Sugarfoot*, and *Cheyenne*, perennial telewestern favorites, with subdued quantities of the same kind of powerful sex appeal that reaped the profits for *Acres* producers. Obviously, nothing that "goes into the home" can handle a full charge of Fay Spain's explosively earthy appeal, but metamorphosis can happen to almost anything, television included.

Perhaps the time will come when the Yankee video adopts the techniques of French television. In *la belle France*, when strictly adult entertainment is about to be shown, a little white warning flag appears on the screen. This is the signal for the kiddies to scoot and let Dad see some truly mature drama.

The time may never come, of course, but if it ever does, Fay Spain's reign as a queen of electronic erotica will be firmly entrenched. o

Baring ungirdled derriere, *Fay pauses between takes of* God's Little Acre, *film that shot her to sexsational heights.*

Clutching *weather beaten post (right), Fay re-creates tossled-haired temptress part from* Acre. *In fishnet only (above), she is equally enchanting.*

JOAN

MODERN MAN'S

QUEENS of TOMORROW

ZIVA

PROGNOSTICATION, that fine old art of seeing ahead, may be more subject to the vagaries of Murphy's Law than all other occupations combined, but when MM editors don their prophetic chapeaux and select a quartet of tomorrow's queens, all rules are bypassed. In case you have not heard, Murphy's Law is that fanciful cliché that states "if anything can go wrong, it will."

Nevertheless, MM editors, inveterate gamblers in the delicate game of out-on-a-limbmanship, feel they have a "sure thing" in predicting the four lovelies here will rocket to the top of their chosen fields. So, throwing caution and Murphy's Law to the wind, the word is out to watch these curvy new charmers during the coming months.

Destined to wear the filmic crown in Hollywood is red-haired, green-eyed Joan Tabor, called the most sex-citing carrot top since Rita Hayworth. Brightening the foreign flick scene like a regal burst of sunlight is Ziva (which means sunny in Hebrew) Rodann, brunettexotic from Israel. Small screen fans will shout "Great Scott!" as Beverly Scott takes Trendex up for an orbital flight on TV. And all will sing "Hey, Marie" as buxom Briton Marie Smythe is crowned Queen of Models. Together, MM's Queens of Tomorrow are a foursome guaranteed to make the future bright.

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Jumping *joyfully (left), Beverly limbers up dance routine she has been practicing in hopes of landing TV musical role. Having danced ten years, she still takes lessons in Hollywood.*

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Leaning *provocatively against wall, Beverly exhibits shape no cathode tube can distort. Her TV credits include several westerns in which her exciting figure saved otherwise dull plots.*

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Wiping *theatrical "tear" with only available cloth (left), Bev provides interesting view of abundant Kansas-grown bumper crop. In open corn fields, she also developed strong singing voice.*

FOREIGN MOVIES . . .

ZIVA RODANN

TO ANYONE whose only contact with Israel has been through the exciting pages of the best-selling book *Exodus*, the infant land must seem like a grim place to live. Nothing, of course, could be quite further from reality. In the cosmopolitan city of Tel Aviv, for example, the girls are just as girly, just as bosomy, and just as easy on the eyes as the belles of the Via Veneto, the Boulevard St. Michel, Broadway, or Hollywood and Vine.

But until an appealing brunette by the name of Ziva Rodann came along, Israel was a forgotten country as being a top contender in the international bosom brigade. Ziva (whose name means "sunshine" in Hebrew) burst upon the world of glamour with the much-heralded effect of the dawn coming up from China — like thunderous, man.

Serving her apprenticeship as a leading lady in the Tel Aviv theatre, Ziva's charms captivated globe-trotting filmogul Hal Wallis, who signed her to a Hollywood contract. Before taking up the call to the American film capital, however, Ziva served her two years in the Israeli army, where she learned to operate a very businesslike machine gun — a fact which should dampen the ardor of the Hollywood wolves.

Turning *smoothly contoured back to camera (above), brunette import Ziva Rodann flashes black eyes temptingly. In casual pose amid bedsheets (below left) or more formal nude (below right), starlet's charms won leading roles in Tel Aviv stage.*

Posing for studio figure study (above), sloe-eyed temptress Ziva reveals curvaceous body. Raven-haired beauty is protege of Hal Wallis, cinemogul who discovered her in Israel.

***Combining** best of two worlds, figure art (below), cheesecake (left), Ziva's smoldering charms make her tomorrow's foreign film queen.*

Currently in cinemaland learning the business of becoming a brilliant new sex symbol, Ziva has definite ideas on how to go about it. "Sex appeal," she says, "must be handled with class and dignity. It's more provocative that way."

Still waiting for her American film debut, discerning-eyed critics everywhere feel that the slender, dark-haired gal with the pixie face is just the one to provide "class and dignity" to Hollywood's most popular commodity.

The only thing about her new educational pursuits that fails to meet her complete approval is cheesecake. But, being a real trouper, she goes along with Hollywood's number-one ingredient in making a star. And, as any discerning male can see, Ziva has all the necessary ingredients for a queenly future in the flicks. o

GIFT-WRAPPED GIRL FRIENDS . . .

In line with popular yearly tradition, MM ANNUAL will, in the next issue, once again open its sexclusive gift showcase and unveil the most glamor-gifted gals ever bundled in so few ribbons and so much skin. Aimed at solving those guy-who-has-everything gift problems, these gals-who-have-everything also make slick eye fare for men who just want to window shop. Bust-blossoming Annette Casir (left) and Debbie Lane (below) are just appe-teasers. Catch the whole showing of curve-packed packages—plus friction-filled fiction, bold true adventure, and nudes—all wrapped in the de luxe MM ANNUAL NO. 23.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

MODERN MAN ANNUAL

ON SALE DECEMBER 1st

modern man

1961 YEARBOOK OF QUEENS

Sensational
PHOTOS OF THE WORLD'S MOST
Exciting Women

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
MARILYN MONROE
ANITA EKBERG
SOPHIA LOREN
DIANA DORS
BRIGITTE BARDOT
JULIE NEWMAR
JAYNE MANSFIELD

plus

Nude Studies of Model Queens

VIRGINIA GORDON
TERRY HIGGINS
KAREN KLAUS
IRIS BRISTOL

and

INTRODUCING
NEW FACES,
NEW FIGURES OF
TOMORROW

VOLUME TWENTY TWO